

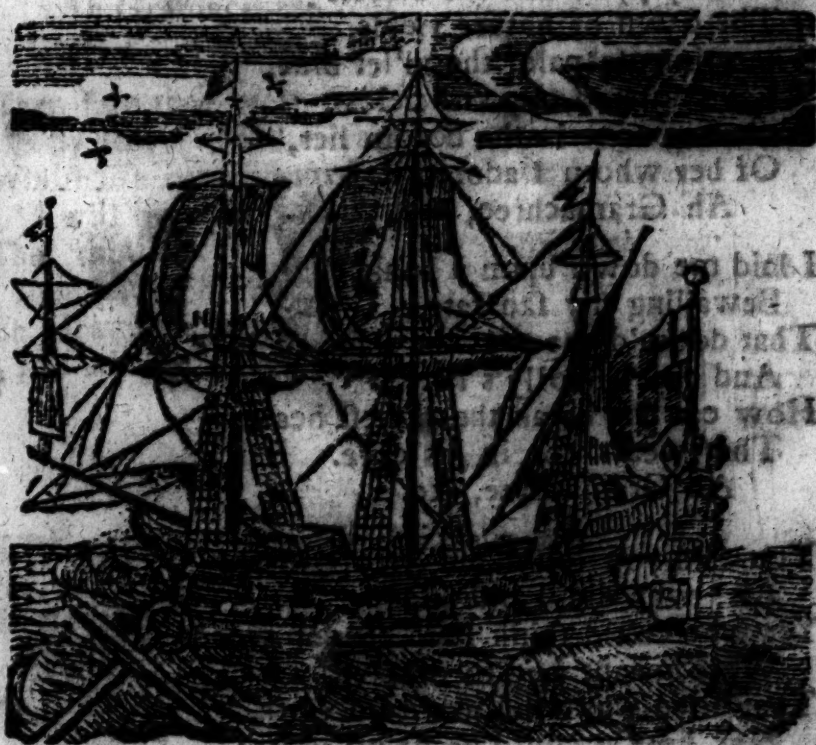
Gramachree Molly's

GARLAND,

Containing several Choice

NEW SONGS.

- I. Gramachree Molly, and the
Answer to it.
- II. The Answer to the Banks of the Dee.
- III. I wonder at you.
- III. A new Song in Praise of the Beaver's Prize.



Licensed and entered according to Order.

[2]
Gramachree Molly's GARLAND,

Gramachree Molly A new Song.

AS down on Banna's banks I stray'd
One evening in May,
The little birds in blithest notes
Made vocal ev'ry spray;
They sung their little tales of love,
They sung them o'er and o'er;
Ah Gramachree ma Collenouge,
My Molly Ahtore.

The daisy py'd, and the sweets:
The dawn of nature yields,
The primrose pale, the vi'let blue,
Lay scattered o'er the fields;
Such fragrance in the bosom lies,
Of her whom I adore;
Ah Gramachree, &c.

I laid me down upon a bank,
Bewailing my sad fate,
That doom'd me thus the slave of love,
And cruel Molly's hate;
How can she break the honest heart
That wears her in its core.
Ah Gramachree, &c.

You said you lov'd me, Molly dear,
Ah! why did I believe?
Yet who could think such tender words
Were meant but to deceive!
That love was all I ask'd on earth,
May heav'n could grant no more;
Ah Gramachree, &c.

Oh! had I all the Flocks that graze
 On yonder yellow hill;
 Or low'd for me the num'rous herds
 That yon green pasture fill;
 With her I love I'd gladly share;
 My kine, and fleecy store:
 Ah Gramachree, &c.

Two turtle doves above my head
 Sat courting in a bough;
 I envied their happiness,
 To see them bill and coo;
 Such fondness once for me was shewn,
 But now, alas! its o'er;
 Ah Gramachree, &c.

Then fare thee well, my Molly dear;
 Thy loss I e'er will mourn;
 Whilst life remains in Strephon's heart,
 'F will beat for thee alone:

Tho' thou art false, may heav'n on thee
 Its choicest blessings pour;
 Ah Gramachree ma Chollenouge
 My Molly Ashtore,

The ANSWER.

YE gentle winds that softly blow,
 Along the verdant plain,
 Go whisper to my Strephon's ear,
 His love's return'd again;
 In sweetest language tell the youth,
 His Sorrows to give o'er,
 Ah Gramachree! my love shall be,
 As happy as before.

The

The daffy py'd, and all the sweets
 Or nature's flowery bed,
 Shall join to make a garland gay,
 For my dear Strephon's head:
 The primrose pale and violet blue
 I'll add unto the store
 Ah Gramachree! and we shall be,
 As happy as before.

Full many a scene of Mourning,
 Thy Molly late has known,
 'Cause my fond heart its fondness kept,
 For thee, my love, alone;
 My parents hid me from thy sight,
 And spurn'd thee from the door:
 Ah Gramachree! but now we'll be,
 As happy as before.

I laid me down upon my bed,
 Bewailing my sad fate;
 And, like a faithful turtle-dove,
 I mourn'd my absent mate;
 And as the ling'ring moments pass'd,
 I told them o'er and o'er,
 Ah Gramachree! but now I'll be
 More happy than before.

You said you lov'd your Molly dear,
 Your vows I now believe;
 Full well I know my Strephon's heart,
 Will ne'er my faith deceive:

Thy

Thy love was all I wish'd on earth;
 (For heaven could wish no more)
 Ah Gramachree! and now we'll be
 As happy as before.

Our flocks together now we'll tend.
 Upon the yellow hill,
 And gaze enraptur'd on the sweets,
 Which yon fair prospect fills;
 While heaven upon our mutual love,
 Shall all its blessings pour:
 Ah Gramachree! we than shall be
 As happy as before.

The Answer to the BANKS of the DEE.

THY voice my dear jewel the winds has waft
 to me,
 Tho' now at great distance at this time we be,
 But yet I hope soon that time will restore me,
 When happy we'll be on the banks of the Dee.
 Thy purling clear streams, thou sweet running river,
 Where I and my Jenny will be happy for ever,
 It was the first spot where he gain'd the favour,
 And call'd me her love and price of the Dee.

It was in our youth when these sweet banks we haunted
 And sport'd together with innocent glee;
 So happy we were that no pleasure we wanted,
 No mortals more happy than Jenny and me.

Flow on thou sweet stream nor cease thy running,
 And by thy sweet murmur tell Jenny I'm coming:
 We've

We've beat the Frenchmen who from us are running
And soon I shall taste of the banks of the Dee.

Then the lambs on the banks shall again be seen playing,
The streams of the fountain shall then run more clear;
Pray my dearest Jenny think not I'm delaying,
I hasten with victory to you my sweet dear.

Tell these pretty lambs that Jemmy is coming,
Then they'll leap for joy and bless the good man,
In hopes that soon after some good news is coming,
When we meet again on the banks of the Dee.

I Wonder at you.

WHEN Cloe I met, like an angel she mov'd,
The moment, I saw her I lik'd her and lov'd;
I vow'd she was handsome, and faith it was true.
But she snapt me off short, with I wonder at you.

I wonder at you;
I wonder at you,
But she snapt me off short, with I wonder at you.

I earnestly begg'd she with pity would hear,
The language of love from a Heart quite sincere;
Regardless she left me, her walk to pursue,
And flourish'd her fan, with I wonder at you.
I wonder, &c.

Her humour surpris'd me, such usage I blam'd
I found myself vex'd, yet her beauty inflam'd;
Betwixt love and anger, so madness I grew,
And home I went sick, with I wonder at you.
I wonder at you, &c.

I wonder at you, ran so much in my mind,
My soul, on the rake, soon to reason was blind;
All night in my dreams, I had Cloe in view,
And thought my ears rung, with I wonder at you.
I wonder, &c.

I met her next day, and she happened to fall,
 I handed her up, and indeed that was all.
 She thank'd me, and smiling said, how do you do,
 I gave her a frown, with I wonder at you.
 I wonder, &c.

Yet Cloe's so charming, both handsome and young
 Impute it I shall to a slip of the tongue:
 Foregive her I must, for I love her, it's true,
 But I'll make her remember, I wonder at you.
 I wonder, &c.

A New Song in Praise of the Beaver's Prize.

To the Tune of *True Heart of Oak.*

YE bold British heroes, I would have you attend
 Unto these few lines, that I lately have penn'd;
 'Tis in Praise of the bold Beaver's Prize of such fame,
 Whose foes always tremble to hear of his Name.

CHORUS.

Like Britains, my boys, let's to Conquest pursue
 Contending for Glory, drive Frenchmen before ye,
 The trumpet of fame shall be sounded for you.

We have ninety brave Seamen of Courage so bold,
 Who by haughty Monsieur never will be controul'd:
 Like Brothers united our rights we'll maintain,
 And Frenchmen shall tremble to hear of our Fame.
 Like Britains, &c.

As the bold Beaver's Prize on a Cruize did go,
 'Twas off Flamborough head as my Shipmates all know;
 East South East she was Steered, and so close she did lie
 When two French Privateers, we did happen to spy.
 Like Britains, &c.

We hoisted our Ancient and gave them to know,
 We are bold British heroes, and feared no Foe;
 Though

Though they had twenty guns each and full thirteen score men
With Courage undaunted, we bore down on them.

Like Britains, &c.

With our fourteen Six Pounders I tell you no lie,
We made the French Dogs with their forty to fly;
For they thought if they stay'd they had such a queer chance,
They should never see the Face of Proud Lewis in France.

Like Britains, &c.

A Brig they had got which from us they had taken,
But soon from the French we took it again;
When our Guns they did roar, they no longer could stay
But directly made Sail and from us bore away,

Like Britains, &c.

When we boarded the Brig, O six Frenchmen was there,
Who were plac'd on board of the same to our Care;
So to Prison we sent them confided to be,
Where we hope in short time their Shipmates will see.

Like Britains, &c.

A Day or two after we chased them again,
But being far off our Chace prov'd in vain,
For the cowardly Dogs they from us bore away,
And the faster we chase still the faster run they.

Like Britains, &c.

Now fill up your Bowels let the Glasses go round,
Our Captain we will toast and our Sorrow, we'll Dround,
May his fame be exalted wher ever he goes,
Whose Name is a terror to all his proud foes,

Like Britains, &c.

Next our noble Lieutenant deserves our Applause,
So Courageous and bold in their Country's Cause,
Who for honour contending from Arms never fly
Till their foes they are subdued, or in Battle they die.

Like Britains, &c.

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So let each loyal, Soul in the brave Beaver's Prize,
Drink a Health to their Friends their Sweethearts and Wives,
For we hope to return when the wars are all over,
With honour and Riches to greet them on Shore,

Like Britains, &c.